

J.P.K.
Collated
&
per-sect.
1798.

THE
CHANCES.

A
COMEDY.

WITH
ALTERATIONS.

First Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for the PROPRIETORS:

And Sold by T. BECKET, near SURRY-
STREET, in the Strand. 1773.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIC PERSONS

CHANCES

COMEDY

WITH

ALTERATIONS

WOMEN
LONDON

Printed for the Proprietors:
And Sold by T. BECKET, near St. Paul's Church.
Second Edition, in the Strand, 1773.
[Price One Shilling]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON JOHN,	{ <i>Two Spanish</i> <i>Gentlemen,</i>	Mr. GARRICK.
DON FREDERICK,		Mr. JEFFERSON.
DUKE,		Mr. PACKER.
PETRUCHIO,		Mr. J. AICKIN.
ANTONIO,		Mr. PARSONS.
DUKE's Party,	{	Mr. J. BANNISTER, Mr. YATES,
PETRUCHIO's Party,	{	Mr. FAWCETT. Mr. GRIFFITH.
PETER, and	{ <i>Servants to Don</i> <i>John and Don</i> <i>Frederick.</i>	Mr. W. PALMER,
ANTONY,		Mr. BURTON.
SURGEON,		Mr. WRIGHTEN.
FRANCISCO,		Mr. WRIGHT.

W O M E N.

FIRST CONSTANTIA,	Miss YOUNGE.
Mother-in-Law to CONSTANTIA,	Mrs. HOPKINS.
KINSWOMAN,	Miss PLATT.
LANDLADY,	Mrs. BRADSHAW.
NURSE,	Mr. LOVE.
SECOND CONSTANTIA,	Mrs. ABINGTON.

DRAMATIC PERSONNEL

Don John { Mr. Garrison
Don Francisco { Mr. Garrison

Mr. Parker

Mr. Jackson

Mr. Tarrance

Mr. J. Barnard

Mr. Tarrance

Mr. Tarrance

Mr. Garrison

Mr. W. Palmer

Mr. Burton

Mr. Wright

Mr. Wright

W. O. M. H. N.

Mr. Young

Mr. Hocking

Mr. Platt

Mr. Bradshaw

Mr. Love

Mr. Weston

Second Constant

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE three first acts of *The Chances*, originally written by Beaumont and Fletcher, have been much approved of; but those authors, in this, as in many other of their plays, seeming to grow tir'd of their subject, have finished it with an unskilfulness and improbability which shew, at least, great haste, and negligence. The *Duke of Buckingham*, in his edition of this Comedy, gave a new turn and plan to the two last acts, and certainly added interest, and spirit, to the fable and dialogue; but the play, when it came out of his hands, was still more indecent than before. The familiar, and often irregular, versification of
the

original, is preserv'd in this edition ; nor has the present editor chang'd into measure those parts, which the Duke thought proper to write in prose. Should this play be thought, in its present state, a more decent entertainment, it is all the merit that is claim'd from these necessary, tho' slight additions, and alterations.

David Garrick.

THE

THE
C H A N C E S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A C H A M B E R.

Enter Peter and Anthony, two Servants. *L. 4.*

P E T E R.

WOULD we were remov'd from this town, *Anthony*,
That we may taste some quiet; for mine own part,
I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After enquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where? Serve wenching foldiers!
I'll serve a priest in lent first, and eat bell ropes.

Ant. Thou art the forwardest fool——

Pet. Why, good tame *Anthony*,
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?

Ant. To wait upon our masters.

Pet. But how, *Anthony*?
Answer me that; resolve me there, good *Anthony*.

Ant. To serve their uses.

Pet. Shew your uses, *Anthony*.

Ant. To be employ'd in any thing.

Pet. No, *Anthony*.

Not any thing I take it, nor that thing

B

We

THE CHANCES.

We travel to discover, like a new island ;
A salt itch serve such uses !—I'll give 'em warning :

Ant. Come, come, all will be mended : This invincible woman,

Of infinite report for shape and beauty,
That bred all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on.

Pet. Were there ever
Men known to run mad with report before ?
Or wander after that they know not where
To find ; or if found, how to enjoy ? Are mens brains
Made now-a-days with malt, that their affections
Are never sober ; but, like drunken people,
Founder at every new fame ? I do believe too
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Ant. Prithee be thou sober,
And know that they are none of those, not guilty
Of the least vanity of love ; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth ; which, since they find so
Lock'd up from their searches, they are now resolv'd
To give the wonder over.

Pet. Would they were resolv'd
To give me some new shoes too ; for I'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to the reasonable soles
In their good worships business : And some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a bell-man of me : here they come. [*Exeunt P. & H.*]

Enter Don John and Frederick. L. H.

John. I would we could have seen her tho' : for sure
She must be some rare creature, or report lies :
All mens reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen *Constantia* :
But since she is so conceal'd, plac'd where
No knowledge can come near her, so guarded
As 'twere impossible, tho' known, to reach her,

I have

THE CHANCES.

3

I have made up my belief.

John. Hang me from this hour,
If I more think upon her;
But as she came a strange report unto me,
So the next fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way;
But whither are you walking?

John. My old round,
After my meat, and then to bed.

Fred. Your servant then—

John. Will not you stir?

Fred. I have a little business.

John. I'd lay my life, this lady still:

Fred. Then you would lose it.

John. Pray let's walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

John. I have something to impart.

Fred. An hour hence

I will not miss to meet ye.

John. Where?

Fred. I th' high street:

For, not to lye, I have a few devotions

To do first, and then I am your's, *Don John.*

John. Devotions, *Fred'rick!* well I leave you to 'em:
Speed you well—but remember—

Fred. I will not fail.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. A STREET.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say.

1 *Gent.* Fie, *Antonio.*

[*him.*

Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,
A surgeon may see through him.

1 *Gent.* You are two violent.

2 *Gent.* Too open, indiscreet.

Petr. Am I not ruined?

The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poison'd?

My credit and my name?

B 2

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Befure it be fo,
Before you use this violence. Let not doubt,
And a fufpecting anger fo much fway you;
Your wifdom may be queftion'd.

Ant. I fay kill him,
And then difpute the caufe.

2 *Gent.* Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis poffible he may be thievifh?
Alas! is this good juftice?

Petr. I know as certain
As day muft come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am bafely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence,
Maliciously abus'd, blafted for ever
In name and honour, loft to all remembrance,
But what is fmeared and shameful: I muft kill him,
Necceffity compels me.

1 *Gent.* But think better.

Petr. There's no other cure left; yet witnefs with me
All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of his life I feek for, [fible,
Nor thirft to fhed man's blood; and would 'twere pof-
I wifh it from my foul,
My fword fhould only kill his crimes: no, 'tis
Honour, honour, my noble friends, that idol honour,
That all the world now worfhips, not *Petruchio*,
Muft do this juftice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you or honour,
Or both be acceffary.

2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
The value of the perfon, power, and greatnefs,
And what this fpark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,
So much I am tied to reputation,
And credit of my houfe, let it raife wild-fires,
And ftorms that tofs me into everlafting ruin,
Yet I muft through,—if you dare fide me—

Ant.

THE CHANCES.

E

Ant. Dare!

Say we were all sure to die in this venture,
As I am confident against it; is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lie a bed,
And purge away his spirit? send his soul out
In sugar sops, and syrups? give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon my enemy;
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with them—I will on.—

1 Gent. We'll follow.

Petr. You're friends indeed!

2 Gent. Here is none will fly from you;
Do it in what design you please, we'll back you.

Petr. That's spoken heartily.

Ant. And he that flinches,
May he die lousy in a ditch.

1 Gent. Is the cause so mortal? nothing but his life?

Petr. Believe me,
A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.

1 Gent. No other way to purge it?

Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2 Gent. Think an hour more,
And if then you find no safer road to guide you,
We'll set our rests too.

Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part, goes less than life. [*Exeunt. L. H.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Don John. R. H.

John. The civil order of this city, Naples,
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Beside the wholesome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers courteous: But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me

Into

Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty: yet certain,
'Tis not so far night, as I thought; for see,
A fair house yet stands open, yet all about it [play:
Are close, and no lights stirring; there may be foul
I'll venture to look in—If there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

Within. Signior.

John. What? How is this?

Within. Signior *Fabritio*.

John. I'll go nearer.

Within. *Fabritio*.

[done.

John. This is a woman's tongue, here may be good

Within. Who's there? *Fabritio*?

John. Ay.

Within. Where are you?

John. Here.

Within. O come, for Heaven's sake!

John. I must see what this means

Enter a Woman with a Child.

Wom. I have stay'd this long hour for you, make no
noise;

For things are in strange trouble—here—be secret,
'Tis worth your care: be gone now; more eyes watch us
Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark ye—

Wom. Peace; good-night. [*Exit, shutting the door.*]

John. She's gone, and I am laden—fortune for me!
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth: by th' mass 'tis heavy!
If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome.
I'll ne'er refuse a fortune—I am confident
'Tis of no common price: Now to my lodging:
If it be right, I'll blest this night!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Another STREET.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town, are ye all fit?

1 *Gent.*

THE CHANCES.

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1 *Gent.* To point, Sir.

Duke. Where are the horses?

2 *Gent.* Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private all, and whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let us stand sure.

3 *Gent.* Fear not;

'Ere you shall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it;
You know your quarters?

1 *Gent.* Will you go alone, Sir?

Duke. You shall not be far from me, the least noise
Shall bring you to my rescue.

2 *Gent.* We are counsell'd.

[*Exeunt.* *R. 4.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Don John, with a child crying.

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious?
Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures, [peeping
As I am? Did the Devil lead me? must I needs be
Into men's houses where I had no business,
And make myself a mischief? 'Tis well carry'd!
I must take other mens occasions on me,
And be I know not whom: most finely handled!
What have I got by this now? What's the purchase?
A piece of pap and caudle-work—a child,
Indeed an infidel: this comes of peeping!
What a figure do I make now!—good white bread,
Let's have no bawling wi'ye'; 'sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their snares and subtilties? Have I read over
All their school-learning, studied their quirks and
And am I now bumfiddled with a bastard? [quiddits,
At my age too! fie upon't!—Well, *Don John*,
You'll be wiser one day, when you have paid dearly
For a collection of these butter prints!
'Twould not grieve me to keep this ginger-bread,
Were it of my own baking; but to beggar

Myself

Myself in caudles, nurfes, coral, bells and babies,
 For other mens iniquities ! a little
 Troubles me;—what fhall I do with it now ?
 Should I be caught here dangling this pap spoon,
 I fhall be fung in ballads ; 'prentice boys
 Will call me nick names as I pafs the ftreets;
 I can't bear it !—no eyes are near—I'll drop it
 For the next curious coxcomb—how it fmiles upon me ?
 Ha ! you little fugar-fop ! — 'tis a fweet baby ;
 'Twere barb'rous to leave it—ten to one would kill it;
 Worfe fin than his who got it—Well, I'll take it,
 And keep it as they keep death's head in rings,
 To cry *memento* to me.—No more peeping !
 Now all the danger is to qualify
 The good old gentlewoman, at whose houfe we lodge ;
 For ſhe will fall upon me with a catechifm
 Of four hours long—I muſt endure all ; ∴
~~For I will keep this mother~~—Come, good wonder,
 Let you and I be jogging—your ftarv'd treble
 Will waken the rude watch elfe.—All that be
 Curious night-walkers may they find my fee ! ∴ [Exit. *P. H.*

SCENE VI. A STREET.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home : I've beaten all the pur-
 But cannot bolt him !—what's here ! [licus,

Enter Conſtantia.

Con. I am ready,
 And through a world of dangers am flown to you ;
 Be full of haſte and care, we are undone elfe :
 Where are your people ? Which way muſt we travel ?
 For Heaven's fake ſtay not here, Sir.

Fred. What may this prove ?

Con. Alas ! I am miſtaken, loſt, undone,
 For ever perifh'd ! Sir, for Heaven's fake tell me,
 Are you a gentleman ?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place ?

Fred.

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Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust you.

Fred. You have charm'd me,
Humanity and honour bids me help you:
And if I fail your trust——

Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe you,
Alas! I must believe you: from this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me instantly.
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me: What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fear and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.

Fred. Come, be hearty,
He must strike thro' my life that takes you from me. [*Ex.* *P. H.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen. *L. H.*

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye all well arm'd?

Ant. Never fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.

Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.

Ant. Best gamesters make the best play;
We shall fight close and home too.

1 Gent. Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why all physicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month; why do you talk of bloody!
What come we for, to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel quarrel?

C

On

On what terms stands this man ? Is not his honour
Open'd t'his hand, and pick'd out like an oyster ?
His credit like a quart-pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor ?—Clear out this point.

Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.

Ant. I'll speak truly ;
What should men do, ally'd to these disgraces,
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him ?
Cry, that's my fine boy ! thou'lt do so no more, child.

Petr. Here are no such cold pities.

Ant. By St. Jaques,
They shall not find me one ! here's old tough *Andrew*,
A special friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll strike 'em such a horn-pipe : Knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on ; I profess it,
Not to scare costermongers : If I lose my own,
My audit's cast, and farewell five-and-fifty.

Petr. Let's talk no longer, place yourself with silence,
As I directed ye ; and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so shew yourselves.

Ant. So be it ;
O how my fingers tingle to be at 'em !

[*Exeunt.* *P. 4.*]

SCENE VIII. A CHAMBER.

Enter Don John and his Landlady. *P. 4.*

Land. Nay, son, if this be your regard.

John. Good Mother.

Land. Good me no goods, your cousin and yourself
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen : Bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent, and fair carriage,
And so behaved myself—

John. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
Stink in my neighbour's nostrils, your devices,
Your brats got out of allicant and broken oaths ;

Your

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Your linsley-woolsey work, your hasty-puddings !
I foster up your filch'd iniquities !
You're deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it ?

Land. You found an easy fool that let you get it.

John. Will you hear me ?

Land. Oaths ! what care you for oaths to gain your
(ends,
When you are high and pamper'd ? what faint know
Or what religion but your wicked passions ? (you?
I'm sick to see this dealing.

John. Heaven forbid, mother !

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there ?

Pet. Sir ! (*within*)

John. Bring a bottle of canary wine.

Land. Exceeding sick, Heaven help me !

John. Hasten ye, Sirrah !

I must e'en make her drunk—Nay, gentle mother.

Land. Now fie upon you ! was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your evening walks for your devotions,
For this pretended holiness ? No weather,
Not before day, could hold ye from the mattins :
Were these your bo-peep prayers ! you've pray'd well,
And with a learned zeal watch'd well too ; your faint
It seems was pleas'd as well. Still sicker, sicker !

Enter Peter with a Bottle of Wine.

John. There's no talking to her till I have drench'd her:
Give me : here, mother, take a good round draught.
It will purge spleen from your spirits : deeper, mother.

Land. Ay, ay, son ; you imagine this will mend a l.

John. All I'faith, mother.

Land. I confess the wine

Will do his part.

John. I'll pledge ye.

Land. But, son *John.*

C 2

John.

John. I know your meaning, mother, touch it
(once more,

Alas, you look not well! take a round draught,
It warms the blood well, and restores the colour,
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil gentleman!

A stranger! one the town holds a good regard of!

John. Now we grow kind and maudlin. (*aside.*

Land. One that shou'd weigh his fair name! Oh, a
[stitch!

John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good
(mother,

Make no spare of it, as you love your health;
Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said, a gentleman lodge in my house!
Now heav'n's my comfort, *Signior!*

John. And the wine, good mother, —
I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you wou'd have us'd me thus;
A woman of my credit, one, heav'n knows,
That loves you but too tenderly.

John. The thunder ceases, and the rain descends.

Land. What do you say, son?

John. I say, mother,
That I ever found your kindness, and acknowledg'd it.

Land. No, no, I'm a fool to counsel ye. Where's
(the infant?

Come let's see your workmanship.

John. It is none of mine, mother, but I'll fetch it. —
Here it is, and a lusty one.

Land. O Heav'n blefs thee!
Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune: As I live,
Your own eyes, *Signior*; and the nether lip
As like you, as you had spit it.

John. I'm glad on't.

Land. Blefs me, what things are these?

John. I thought my labour

Was

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Was not all lost; 'tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich and right, I hope.

Land. Well, well, son *John*,
I see you are a wood-man, and can chuse
Your deer, tho' it be i' th' dark;
Here I am with you now, when, as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit; when you must
(needs do,
Do where you may be done to; 'tis a wisdom
Becomes a young man well—

John. Confound your proverbs.
All this time, good mother,
The child wants looking to, wants meat and nurses.

Land. Now blessing o' thy heart, it shall have all,
And instantly; I'll seek a nurse myself, son.
'Tis a sweet child: ah, my young *Spaniard*!
Take you no further care, Sir.

John. Yes, of these jewels,
I must, by your good leave, mother; these are mine:
The gold for bringing up on't, I freely render
To your charge: for the rest, I'll find a master.
But where's Don *Fred'rick*, mother?

Land. Ten to one,
About the like adventure; he told me
He was to find you out.

John. Why shou'd he stay thus?
There may be some ill chance in't; sleep I will not,
Before I have found him:
Well, my dear mother, let the child be look'd to;
And look you to be rewarded. — About it
Strait, good mother.

Land. No more words, nor no more children,
Good son, as you love me—This may do well;
This shall do well: Eh! you little sweet cherub!

John. So, so, I thought the wine wou'd do its duty:
She'll kill the child with kindness; t'other glass,
And she had ravish'd me: There is no way
Of bringing women of her age to reason

But

But by this—girls of fifteen are caught
 Fifty ways, they bite as fast as you throw in;
 But with the old and cold 'tis diff'rent dealing,
 'Tis wine must warm them to their sense of feeling.

[Exit. *Ant.*]

ACT II. SCENE I. A CHAMBER.

Enter Frederick and Antonio with a Candle.

Fred. **G**IVE me the candle; so, go you out that
 (way.

Ant. What have we now to do?

Fred. And on your life, firrah,
 Let none come near the door without my knowledge;
 No not my landlady, nor my friend.

Ant. 'Tis done, Sir.

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Ant. Is the wind there again?

Fred. Be gone.

Ant. I am, Sir.

[Exit.

Fred. Now enter without fear—

Enter 1st Constantia with a jewel.

And, noble lady.

That safety and civility you wish for
 Shall truly here attend you: no rude tongue
 Nor rough behaviour knows this place; no wishes,
 Beyond the moderation of a man,
 Dare enter here. Your own desires and innocence,
 Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you.

Con. You are truly noble,
 And worth a woman's trust: let it become me,
 (I do beseech you, Sir) for all your kindness,
 To render with my thanks this worthless trifle;
 I may be longer troublesome.

Fred. Fair offices
 Are still their own rewards: Heavens bless me, lady,
 From selling civil courtesies. May it please you,

If

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If you will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I am engag'd.

Con. It shall be;
For I am truly confident you are honest:
The piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fred. Trust me,
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else!
What eyes are there!—good blood be temperate,
I must look off: too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it: noble lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour you—

Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy Sir.
Thus far I shall entreat—

Fred. Command me, lady:
You may make your power too poor.

Con. That presently,
With all convenient haste, you will retire
Unto the street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

Con. There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your beauty, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire, this key will guide you: all things necessary
Are there before you.

Con. All my prayers go with you. [Exit.

Fred. Men say gold
Does all, engages all, works thro' all dangers:
Now I say, beauty can do more. The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Thro' half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into: we are all like sea-charts,
All our endeavours and our motions

(As

(As they do to the north: still point at beauty,
Still at the fairest; yet to her, I vow,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
My hopes shall die, and my tongue rot within me,
'Ere I infringe my faith—now to my rescue— [Exit.

SCENE II: A STREET.

Enter Duke pursu'd by Petruchio, Antonio, and that Party.

Duke. You will not all oppress me?

Ant. Kill him i' th' wanton eye:

Let me come to him.

Duke. Then you shall buy me dearly. [*they fight, the*

Enter Don John. Duke falls.

John. Sure 'tis fighting!

My friend may be engag'd: Fie, gentlemen,

This is unmanly odds; press upon

A fall'n enemy!—it is cowardly—

Thus will I protect him!— [*Don John bestrides him.*

Ant. I'll stop your mouth, Sir.

John. Nay, then have at thee freely:

There's a plumb, Sir, to satisfy your longing.

Petr. He's fall'n; I hope I have sped him:

Where's Antonio?

Ant. I must have one thrust more, Sir.

John. Come up to me.

Ant. A mischief confound your fingers.

He's given me my *quietus est*; I felt him

In my small guts; I'm sure he's fecz'd me;

This comes of siding with you.

Petr. I hear more rescue coming. [*Trampling within.*

Ant. Let's turn back then;

My skull's uncloven yet, let me but kill!

Petr. Away, for heav'n's sake, with him.

[*They hurry him off.*

Enter the Duke's party.

John. Help, gentlemen—how is it?

Duke.

THE CHANCES.

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Duke. Well, Sir,
Only a little stagger'd.

Duke's Party. Let's pursue 'em.

Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye: Thanks, good
(coat,

Thou hast sav'd me a shrew'd welcome; 'twas put home,
With a good mind too, I'm sure on't.

John. Are you safe then?

Duke. My thanks to you, brave Sir, whose timely
And manly courtesy, came to my rescue. (valour,

John. You had foul play offer'd you, and shame befall
That can pass by oppression. (him

Duke. May I crave, Sir,
But this much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am so bound to?

John. For the bond, Sir,
'Tis every good man's tie: To know me further,
Will little profit you; I am a stranger,
My country Spain, my name Don John, a gentleman
That came abroad to travel.

Duke. I have heard, Sir,
Much worthy mention of you, yet I find
Fame short of what you are.

John. You are pleas'd, Sir,
To express your courtesy: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?

Duke. For this present
I must desire your pardon: You shall know me
'Ere it be long, Sir, and a nobler thanks,
Than now my will can render.

John. Your will's your own, Sir. (Looking about.)

Duke. What is't you look for, Sir? have you lost
any thing?

John. Only my hat i' th' scuffle; sure these fellows
were night-snaps.

Duke. No, believe me, Sir: Pray use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

D

John.

John. Indeed I cannot.

Duke. Indeed you shall; I can command another:
I do beseech you honour me.

John. Well, Sir, then I will,
And so I'll take my leave.

Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge;
Till when I love your mem'ry. [*Exit with his party.*]

John. And I your's:
This is some noble fellow!

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue sure:
Don *John*!

John. Don *Frederick*!

Fred. You're fairly met, Sir!
Prithee tell me what revelation hast thou had to-night,
That home was never thought of?

John. Revelations!
I'll tell thee, *Frederick*: But before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.

Fred. 'Tis prepared, Sir.

John. Why then mark what shall follow:
This night, *Frederick*, this wicked night——

Fred. I thought no less.

John. This blind night——
What dost thou think I have got?

Fred. What such wanton fellows ought to get.

John. Would 'twere no worse: You talk of revela-
I have got a revelation will reveal me (tions,
An errant coxcomb whilst I live.

Fred. What is't?
Thou hast lost nothing?

John. No, I have got, I tell thee.

Fred. What hast thou got?

John. One of the infantry, a child.

Fred. How?

John. A chopping child, map.

Fred. Give you joy, Sir.

John.

THE CHANCES.

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John. I'll give it you, Sir, if it is joy.—*Fred'rick,*
This town's abominable, that's the truth of it.

Fred. I still told you, *John,*
Your wenching must come home; I counsell'd you,
But where no grace is——

John. 'Tis none of mine, man.

Fred. Answer the parish so.

John. Cheated in troth:
Peeping into a house, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again; no, *Fred'rick,*
'Tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.

Fred. Where is't?

John. At home.

(Signior,

Fred. A saving voyage: But what will you say,
To him that searching out your serious worship,
Has met a stranger fortune?

John. How, good *Frederick*?
A militant girl to this boy would hit it.

Fred. No, mine's a nobler venture: What do you
Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty (think, Sir,
Would over-sell all *Italy*?

John. Where is she?

Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualify'd, as love and admiration
Dwell round about her; of that perfect spirit!—

John. Ay marry, Sir!

Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the morning,
Her blushes staining his.

John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.

Fred. That's all one, she's forth-coming.
I have her sure, boy.

John. Heark'ee, *Frederick,*
What truck betwixt my infant?

Fred.

Fred. 'Tis too light, Sir,
Stick to your charge, good Don *John*, I am well.

John. But is there such a wench?

Fred. First tell me this :
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?

John. Yes marry, and they urg'd it,
As far as they had spirit.

Fred. Pray go forward.

John. A gentleman I found engag'd amongst 'em,
It seems of noble breeding, I'm sure brave metal;
As I return'd to look you, I set into him,
And without hurt (I thank heav'n) rescu'd him.

Fred. My work's done then :
And now to satisfy you there is a woman,
Oh *John*! there is a woman——

John. Oh, where is she?

Fred. And one of no less worth than I assure you,
And which is more, fall'n under my protection.

John. I am glad of that; forward, sweet *Frederick*.

Fred. And which is most of all, she is at home too,

John. Come, let's be gone then. (Sir.

Fred. Yes; but 'tis most certain
You cannot see her, *John*.

John. Why?

Fred. She has sworn me,
That none else shall come near her; not my mother,
Till some doubts are clear'd.

John. Not look upon her?—What chamber is she in?

Fred. In ours.

John. Let's go, I say :
A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making;
They must for modesty a little: We all know it;
Let's go, I say—

Fred. No, I'll assure you, Sir,

John. Not see her!
I smell an old dog-trick of yours. Lookee, *Frederick*,
You

You talk'd to me of wenching, let's have his play,
Square dealing I would wish you.

Fred. You may depend upon it, *John*.

John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cause honourable?
Or for your pleasure?

Fred. By all our friendship, *John*,
'Tis honest, and of great end.

John. I'm answer'd;
But let me see her the—

Fred. I can't.

John. Leave the door open as you go in.

Fred. I dare not.

John. Not wide open,
But just so as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.

Fred. That courtesy,
If you desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford you: Come, 'tis now near morning.

John. Along, along then, dear *Frederick*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Peter and Anthony.

Pet. Nay, the old woman's gone too.

Ant. She's a cater-wauling
Amongst the gutters; but conceive me, *Peter*,
Where our good masters should be.

Pet. Where they should be,
I do conceive; but where they are, good *Anthony*—

Ant. Ay, there it goes: my master's bo-peep with
With his fly popping in and out again, [me
Argu'd a cause—

Pet. My saint-like Don has hir'd a chapel
In the corner there, for his pious uses,
Where I, against my will, watch, fast and pray.

Ant. Hark! (Lute sounds.)

Pet. What!

Ant. Dost not hear a noise?
Again!—'tis a lute.

Pet.

THE CHANCES.

Pet. Odd it's a lute—or a drum—where is it?

Ant. Above, in my master's chamber.

Pet. There's no creature: he hath the key himself,

Ant. Let him have it—this is his lute. [man.

(Singing within.)

Pet. I grant ye; but who strikes it?

Ant. An admirable voice too!—hark you!

Pet. Anthony,

Art sure we are at home?

Ant. Without all doubt, *Peter.*

Pet. Then this must be the devil.

Ant. Let it be.

Good devil, sing again: O dainty devil,

Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil!

The sweetest devil!—

Enter Frederick and Don John.

Fred. If you would leave peeping.

John. I cannot by no means.

Fred. Then come in softly;

And as you love your faith, presume no further

Than you have promised.

John. Basta.

Fred. What makes you up so early, Sir?

John. You, Sir, in your contemplations!

Pet. O pray you peace, Sir?

Ant. Hush, hush! (Lute sounds.)

Fred. Why peace, Sir?

Pet. Do you hear?

John. 'Tis your lute: she's playing on't.

Ant. The house is haunted, Sir!—

For this we have heard this half year.

Fred. You saw nothing?

Ant. Not I.

Pet. Nor I, Sir.

Fred. Get us our breakfast then,

And make no words on't.

John. We'll undertake this spirit, if it be one.

Ant.

Ant. This is no devil, *Peter*:
Mum! there be bats abroad.— [*Exeunt.*]

Fred. Stay, now she sings!

John. An angel's voice, I'll swear!

Fred. Why didst thou shrug so?

Either allay this heat, or as I live I will not trust you.

John. Pass—I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Another CHAMBER.

Enter I *Constantia* with a lute.

Thou friendly soothing instrument, my better
Genius has surely laid thee in my way,
That thy sweet melancholy strain might echo
To the sorrows of my heart, lest it o'er-burthen'd
Should, from reflection, sink into despair.

S O N G.

I.
How cruelly fated is woman to woe,
Too weak to contend, still beset by the foe:
Tho' each wish we conceiv'd, shou'd be crown'd with success,
What would flow from those wishes, but care, and distress.

For love intervenes, and fancy's gay scenes,
Alas! are clouded all o'er,
The sun quits the skies, hope sickens, and dies,
Heigbo!—the heart says no more.

II.
Tho' beauty and riches together conspire,
To flatter our pride, and fulfill each desire;
Nor beauty, nor riches give peace to that breast,
Which passion has tortur'd, and grief has oppress'd:

For love intervenes, and fancy's gay scenes,
Alas! are clouded all o'er,
The sun quits the skies, hope sickens, and dies,
Heigbo!—the heart says no more.

To

To curse those stars that men say govern us,
 To rail at fortune, to fall out with fate,
 And tax the general word, will help me nothing :
 Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
 Subject to helps or hurts ; our own desires
 Are our own fates, our own stars all our fortunes
 Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse, or bless us.

Enter Frederick and Don John peeping.

Fred. Peace to your meditations.

John. Fie upon you,
 Stand out of the light.

Const. I crave your mercy, Sir !
 My mind o'er-charg'd with care, made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray you set that mind at rest, all shall be perfect.

John. I like the body rare ; a handsome body,
 A wond'rous handsome body—would she would turn :
 See, and that spightful puppy be not got
 Between me and my light again.

Fred. 'Tis done,
 As all that you command shall be : The gentleman
 Is safely off all danger.

John. O rare creature !

Const. How shall I thank you, Sir ? how satisfy ?

Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded :
 Now does he melt like marmalade.

John. Nay, 'tis certain,
 Thou art the sweetest woman that eyes e'er look'd on :
 I hope thou art not honest.

Fred. None disturb'd you ?

Const. Not any, Sir, nor any sound came near me ;
 I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

John. I would fain pray now,
 But that the devil, and that temptation—
 What are we made to suffer !

Fred. Pull in your head and be hang'd.

John. Hark'ee, *Fred'rick*,
 I have brought you home your pack-saddle.

Fred.

THE CHANCES.

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Fred. Fie upon you. (*Aside to Don John.*

1 Con. Nay, let him enter : fie, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends.

Fred. You are cozen'd, lady,
Here is no duke.

1 Con. I know him full well, Signior.

John. Hold thee there, wench.

Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.

1 Con. I do beseech your grace come in.

John. My grace!
There was a word of comfort.

Fred. Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be?

John. Well follow'd, *Frederick.*

1 Con. With all my heart.

Enter Don John.

Fred. Come in then.

John. Bless you, lady. (*Constantia starts.*

Fred. Nay, start not ; tho' he be a stranger to you,
He's of a noble strain, my kinsman, lady,
My countryman, and fellow-traveller :
He's truly honest.

John. That's a lye.

Fred. And trusty,
Beyond your wishes : valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with, as your blushes.

John. Modest to converse with ! here's a fellow :
Now may I hang myself ; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes ; for now
Must I cry, *no forsooth*, and *ay forsooth* and *surely*,
And truly as I live, and *as I am honest*.

H'has done these things on purpose ; for he knows,
Like a most envious rascal as he is,

I am not honest this way—O the traitor !

H'has watch'd his time—I shall be quit with him.

1 Con. Sir, I credit you.

Fred. Go salute her, *John.*

E

John.

John. Plague o' your commendations.

I Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

John. Never to me, sweet lady; thus I seal
My faith, and all my services. (*kisses her hand.*)

I Con. One word, signior.

John. What a hand the rogue has! softer than down,
And whiter than the lily—and then her eyes!
What points she at? My leg, I warrant; or
My well-knit body: Sit fast, Don *Frederick*.

Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of; his own being lost i' th' scuffle.

I Con. With much joy may he wear it: 'tis a right
I can assure you, gentlemen; and right happy (one,
May he be in all fights for that noble service.

Fred. Why do you blush?

I Con. It had almost cozen'd me:
For not to lye, when I say that, I look'd for
Another owner of it: but 'tis well.

Fred. Who's there? [*Knocking.*]

Pray you retire, madam; come in, Sir. [*Ex. Con.*]

Enter Anthony.

Now what's the news with you?

Ant. There is a gentleman without
Would speak with Don *John*.

John. Who is it?

Ant. I do not know, Sir, but he shews a man,
Of no mean reckoning.

John. Let him shew his name,
And you return a little wiser. [*Exit. Ant.*]

Fred. How do you like her, *John*?

John. As well as you, *Frederick*,
For all I am honest; you shall find it too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

John. Art thou an ass,
And modest as her blushes? What a blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman,
A woman of her youth and delicacy?

They

They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
 An honest moral man! 'tis for a constable;
 A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
 A liberal man, a likely man, a man
 Made up like *Hercules*, stout, strong and valiant.—
 These had been things to hearken to, things catching;
 But you have such a spiced consideration,
 Such qualms upon your worship's conscience, (you,
 Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch
 Which nature and the liberal world makes custom;
 And nothing but fair honor! dear honor! sweet honor!—
 O damn your water-gruel honour!

Fred. I am sorry, *John*.

John. And so am I, *Frederick*; but what of that?
 Fie upon thee, a man of thy discretion!—
 That I was trusty and valiant, were things well put in;
 But modest!—a modest gentleman!—
 O wit! wit! where wa'st thou?—

Fred. It shall be mended;
 And henceforth you shall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't; how now, who is't?

Ant. A gentleman of this city,
 And calls himself *Petruchio*.

John. *Petruchio*! I'll attend him.

Enter 1 Constantia.

1 Con. How did he call himself?

Fred. *Petruchio*;
 Does it concern you ought?

1 Con. O gentlemen,
 The hour of my destruction is come on me,
 I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin:
 As ever you had pity—

John. Do not fear;
 Let the great devil come, he shall come thro' me first:
 Lost here, and we about you!

1 Con. To you, and your humanity, a hapless
 Helpless creature, begs for safety—O grant

Me

Me your protection—to your honors, Sirs,
 I fly as to the altar for a refuge :
 If ever innocence, undone by passion,
 And sacrific'd by pride, cou'd warm your breasts
 In my behalf, now here behold the ruin,
 And that sacrifice ; be your nobleness
 My sanct'ary, and shield a woe-sick heart
 From all its terrors and afflictions. *(Kneeling.*

John. Pray rise.

Fred. Fall before us ?

1 Con. O my unfortunate estate, all angers
 Compar'd to his, to his —

Fred. Let his and all men's, *(fake.*
 Whilst we have power and life, stand up for heav'n's

1 Con. I have offended heav'n too ; yet heav'n knows---

John. Ay, heav'n knows that we are all evil :
 Yet heav'n forbid we shou'd have our deserts.
 What is he ?

1 Con. Too, too near to my offence, Sir :
 O he will cut me piece-meal !

Fred. 'Tis no treason ?

John. Let it be what it will : if he cut here,
 I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear,
 With more than common lives.

John. Fear not, nor weep not :
 By heav'n I'll fire the town before you perish,
 And then the more the merrier ; we'll jog with you.

Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.

John. Pray no more weeping :
 Spoil a sweet face for nothing ! my return
 Shall end all this, I warrant you.

1 Con. Heaven grant it !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio with a letter.

Petr. This man shou'd be of quality and worth
 By *Don Alvaro's* letter, for he gives

No

No slight recommendation of him :
I'll e'en make use of him.

Enter Don John.

John. Save you, Sir ! I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly, to make you
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd, Sir :
But is your name *Don John* ?

John. It is, Sir.

Petr. Then,

First for your own brave sake I must embrace you :
Next, for the credit of your noble friend,
Hernanda de Alvaro, make you mine :
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter
To look you out, and for the virtue in you,
Whilst your occasions make you resident
In this place, to supply you, love and honour you ;
Which had I known sooner——

John. Noble Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor : I wear a sword, Sir,
And have a service to be still dispos'd of,
As you shall please command it.

Petr. That manly courtesy is half my business, Sir :
And to be short, to make you know I honour you,
And in all points believe your worth-like oracle ;
This day *Petruchio*,
One that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then,
I do beseech you mark me.

John. I shall, Sir.

Petr. *Ferrara's* duke, would I might call him wor-
But that h' has raz'd out from his family, (thy,
As he has mine with infamy ; this man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house to stock our memories,

My

My sister *Constantia* and myself; with arts and witch-
Vows and such oaths heav'n has no mercy for, (crafts,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid by stealth,
And secret passages I knew not of.
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her,
I am asham'd to say the rest: This purchas'd,
And his hot blood allay'd, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.

John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so;
He 'scap'd me yester-night—which if he dare
Again adventure for, I will pardon him.

John. Sir, what commands have you to lay on me?

Petr. Only thus; by word of mouth to carry him
A challenge from me, that so (if he have honour in him)
We may decide all difference betwixt us.

John. Fair and noble,
And I will do it home: When shall I visit you?

Petr. Please you this afternoon, I will ride with you,
For at the castle, six miles hence, we are sure
To find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. My man shall wait here,
To conduct you to my house.

John. I shall not fail you. [Exit Petruchio.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

John. All's well, and better than thou could'st expect,
for this wench is certainly no vestal—but who
do you think that she is? guess an thou can'st.

Fred. I cannot.

John. Be it known then to all men, by these presents,
this is she, she, and only she, our curious cox-
combs have been so long hunting after.

Fred. Who, *Constantia*? thou talk'st of cocks and
bulls, *John.*

John.

John. I talk of wenches, *Frederick!*—this is the pullet we two have been crowing after.

Fred. It cannot be.

John. It can be, it shall be, and must be—sister to *Don Petruchio*—her name *Constantia*—I know all, man.

Fred. Now I believe.—

John. I both believe and hope it.

Fred. Why do you hope it?

John. First, because she is handsome; and next, because she is kind—there are two reasons for you: now do you find out a third; a better if you can: for take this, *Frederick*, for a certain rule, since she has once began, she'll never give it over; *ergo*, if we have good luck, in time she may fall to our share.

Fred. I can't believe her dishonest for all this: She has not one loose thought about her.

John. No matter for that, she's no saint—There has been fine work, dainty doings, *Frederick!*

Fred. How can you talk so?

John. Because I think so; now you think so, and talk otherwise; therefore I am the honestest, though you may be the *modestest* man.

Fred. Well, well, there may have been a slip.

John. Ay, and a tumble too, poor creature—I fear the boy will prove her's I took up last night.

Fred. The devil!

John. Ay, ay, he has been at work—Let us go in, and comfort her; that she is here, is nothing yet suspected.—Anon, I'll tell you why her brother came, (who by this light is a brave fellow) and what honour he has done me in calling me to serve him.

Fred. There be irons heating for some, *Don John!*

John. Then we must take care not to burn our fingers, *Frederick.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I. A CHAMBER.

Enter Landlady and Anthony.

Land. COME, Sir, who is it that keeps your master
Ant. I say to you, *Don John*. (company?)

Land. I say, what woman?

Ant. I say so too.

Land. I say again, I will know.

Ant. I say, 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee he has a woman here.

Ant. I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.

Land. Was ever gentlewoman

So frumpt up with a fool? Well, saucy firrah,
 I will know who it is, and to what purpose?
 I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
 Comes by these inflammations: If this geer hold,
 Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the rakes,
 Here you may have wenches at livery.

Ant. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

Why what's the matter, landlady?

Land. What's the matter!

You use me decently among you, gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her, you, Sir?

Land. Od's my witness,

I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Ant. I gave her no ill language.

Land. Thou liest, firrah—

Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,

As I had been a maukin, a flirt gillian:

And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read,
 Our noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, firrah?

Ant. Let but the truth be known, Sir, I beseech you;
 She raves of wenches, and I know not what, Sir,

Land. Goto, thou know'st too well, thou wicked valet,
 Thou instrument of evil.

Ant.

THE CHANCES.

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Ant. As I live, Sir, she's ever thus till dinner.

Fred. Get you in, Sir, I'll answer you anon: [*Ex. Ant.*
Now to your grief, what is't? for I can guess—

Land. You may, with shame enough, *Don Frederick*,
If there were shame amongst you; nothing thought on,
But how you may abuse my house: not satisfy'd
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your wenches here to: my patience,
Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they say, am willing to groan under,
Must be your make-sport now.

Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings, woman; for you know
That I know something—I did suspect your anger,
But turn it presently and handsomly,
And bear yourself discreetly to this lady;
For such a one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well, Sir.

Fred. Leave off your devil's mattins, and your me-
Or we shall leave our lodgings: [*lancholies,*

Land. But mine honour;
And 'twere not for mine honour—

Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: sleek up yourself, leave crying,
For I must have you entertain this lady
With all civility, she well deserves it,
Together with all service: I dare trust you,
For I have found you faithful. When you know her,
You'll find your own fault; no more words, but do it.

Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worshipful landlady,
How does thy swanskin petticoat? by heav'n,
Thou look'st most amiable! now could I willingly
(And 'twere not for abusing thy Geneva print there)
Venture my person with thee.

F

Land.

Land. You'll leave this roguery,
When you come to my years.

John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet! a meer girl!
Thou hast not half thy teeth! *(Knocking.)*

Fred. Somebody knocks;
See who it is, and do not mind this fellow.

Land. I beg, Sir, that you'll use me with decorum.

John. Ay, ay, I'll promise you with nothing else.
And will you begone, my love, my love— *(Singing.)*
Exit Landlady.

Was there ever such a piece of touchwood?

Fred. Prithee, *John*, let her alone, she has been
Well vex'd already—she'll grow stark mad, man:

John. I would fain see her mad—an old mad wo—

Fred. Don't be a fool. *[man—*

John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with the
She makes the rarest faces. *(tooth-ach;*

Fred. Prithee be sober.

Re-enter Landlady.

John. What, again!

Nay, then it is decreed, tho' hills were set on hills,
And seas met seas, to guard thee, I would through!

Land. Od's my witness, if you ruffle me, I'll spoil
your sweet face for you.

John. Oh raptures! raptures! *(kissing her.)*
(She runs after him.)

What will you hurt your own son?

(She looks kind upon him.)

Land. Well, well, go, go to the door, there's a
gentleman there would speak with you.

John. Upon my life, *Petruchio*;—good dear land-
lady, carry him into the dining-room, and I'll wait
upon him presently.

Land. Well, *Don John*, the time will come that I
shall be even with you. *[Exit Land.]*

John.

John. I must be gone about this business—
Won't you go too, *Frederick*?

Fred. I am not requested you know—besides the
Lady will want advice and consolation.

John. Yes; and I know too, with all your modesty,
That you will be ready to give it her.

Fred. For shame, *John*, how can you ramble so?
You know you may trust me.

John. I had rather trust a cat with sweet milk,
Frederick.

Fred. I'll but speak to her, and follow you.

John. Indeed?

Fred. Indeed.

John. Upon your honour?

Fred. Upon my honour.

John. And your modesty?

Fred. Phoo! phoo! don't be a fool.

John. Well, well, I shall trust you—Now I'm easy.

[*Exit Don John.*]

Enter *Constantia*.

Con. What no way to divert this certain danger?

Fred. Impossible! their honours are engag'd.

Con. Then there must be murder, and I the cause!
Which, gen'rous Sir, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't: You may, if you please, Sir,
Make all go less.—Do, Sir, for heaven's sake,
Let me request one favour:

Fred. It is granted.

Con. Your friend, Sir, is I find too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the cause: as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him: your fair temper,
And noble disposition, like wish'd showers,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all else;
I see in him destruction!

Fred. I'll do't—And 'tis a wise consideration:
I'll after him, lady—What my best labour,

With

With all the art I have can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end: the old gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; she is discreet and secret,
And you may trust her in all points.

Con. You're noble.

Fred. And so I take my leave.

I hope, lady, a happy issue for all this.

Con. All heaven's care upon you, and my prayers!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter a Surgeon, and a Gentleman.

Gen. What symptoms do you find in him?

Sur. None, Sir, dangerous, if he'd be rul'd.

Gen. Why, what does he do?

Sur. Nothing that he shou'd. First he will let no liquor down but wine, and then he has a fancy that he must be dress'd always to the tune of *John Dory*.

Gen. How, to the tune of *John Dory*?

Sur. Why, he will have fiddlers, and make them play and sing it to him all the while.

Gen. An odd fancy indeed.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Give me some wine.

Sur. I told you so—'Tis death, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a horse, Sir: Dost thou think I shall recover with the help of barley-water only?

Gen. Fie, *Antonio*, you must be govern'd.

Ant. Why, Sir, he feeds me with nothing but rotten roots and drown'd chickens, stew'd *pericraniums* and *pia-maters*; and when I go to bed (by heav'n 'tis true, Sir) he rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em, that I am just the man i' th' almanack, my head and face is in *Aries*' place.

Sur. Will't please you, to let your friends see you open'd?

Ant. Will't please you, Sir, to give me a brimmer?

I feel

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I feel my body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom.

Sur. How, a brimmer?

Ant. Why look you, Sir, thus I am us'd still; I can get nothing that I want. In how long a time canst thou cure me?

Sur. In forty days.

Ant. I'll have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty: In how long canst thou kill me?

Sur. Presently.

Ant. Do't; that's the shorter, and there's more delight in't.

Gen. You must have patience.

Ant. Man, I must have business; this foolish fellow hinders himself: I have a dozen rascals to hurt within these five days. Good man-mender, stop me up with parsley like stuff'd beef, and let me walk abroad; and let me be drest to that warlike tune *John Dory*.

Sur. You shall walk shortly.

Ant. I will walk presently, Sir, and leave your sal-lads there, your green salves, and your oils; I'll to my old diet again, strong food, and rich wine, and see what that will do. (*Exit.*)

Sur. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddest old fellow I e'er met with. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter 1 *Constantia* and *Landlady*.

1 *Con.* I have told all I can, and more than yet Those gentlemen know of me, ever trusting Your concealment--but are they such strange creatures?

Land. There is the younger, ay, and the wilder, *Don John*, the errant'st *Jack* in all this city: Has been a dragon in his days! the truth is, Whose chastity he chops upon, he cares not, He flies at all; bastards upon my conscience, He has now a hundred of 'em: The last night

He

He brought home one ; I pity her that bore it,
But we are all weak vessels. Some rich woman
(For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels ; the bearing cloth
No less than crimson velvet.

1 Con. How ?

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

1 Con. Was it a boy too ?

Land. A brave boy !

1 Con. May I see it ?

For there is a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of : now if you please
To be so courteous to me.

Land. You shall see it :

What do you think of these men, now you know 'em ?
Be wise, or you'll repent too late ; I tell you
But for your own good, and as you will find it :

1 Con. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then ; do that,
And instantly, I told you of : be ready :

Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps. *(aside.)*

1 Con. I will, dame :

But shall I see this child ?

Land. Within this half hour :
Let's in, and there think better.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Petruchio, Don John, Antonio, and Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentle-
(If I, that so much love him, may commend him) [man
That's full of honour ; and one, if foul play
Should fall on us, will not fly back for filips.

Petr. You much honour me,
And once more I pronounce you both mine.

Fred. Stay ;
What troop is that below 'i th' valley there ?

John,

John. Hawking, I take it.

Petr. They are so; 'tis the duke, 'tis even he, gentle-Sirrah, draw back the horses till we call you: (men; I know him by his company.

Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

John. Stand you still,
Within that covert 'till I call: you, *Fredrick*,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us: He comes forward;
Here will I wait him fairly: To your places.

Petr. I need no more instruct you.

John. Fear me not. [*Petr. and Fred. retire.*

Enter Duke, and his Party.

Duke. Feed the hawks up,
We'll fly no more to day: O my blest fortune;
Have I so fairly met the man!

John. You have, Sir,
And him you know by this. (*Shewing his hat.*

Duke. Sir, all the honour,
And love ———

John. I do beseech your grace stay there.
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command you: now, Sir,
Be plain.

John. I will, and short;
You have wrong'd a gentleman, beyond all justice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.

Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?

John. *Petruchio* is the man;
The wrong is, you have dishonour'd his sister.

Duke. Now stay you, Sir,
And hear me a little: This gentleman's
Sister that you have nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd;
As true I have possess'd her: no less truth,

I have

I have a child by her. But that she, or he,
 Or any of that family are tainted,
 Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures;
 I wear a sword to satisfy the world no,
 And him in this cause when he pleases; for know, Sir,
 She is my wife, contracted before heaven;
 (A witness I owe more tie to than her brother)
 Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
 Had had the church's seal, and approbation,
 But for his jealous nature.

John. Sir, Your pardon;
 And all that was my anger, now my service:

Duke. Fair Sir, I knew I should convert you; had we
 But that rough man here now too——

John. And you shall, Sir.
 What hoa, hoa!

Duke. I hope you have laid no ambush.

Enter Petruchio.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble brother, welcome;
 Come put your anger off, we'll have no fighting,
 Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
 To bear that name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly: the first priest
 Shall put you out of these doubts.

Petr. Now I love you,
 And I beseech you pardon my suspicions;
 You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's overjoy'd. What ho!
Mr. Modesty, you may come forth now——

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How goes it?

John. Why the man has his mare again, and all's
 The duke professes freely he's her husband. (well.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest gentlemen;
 I must present you—may it please your grace

To

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To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinsman, among those your servants:
He is truly valiant, and modest to converse with.

Duke. O my brave friend; you shower your bounty
(ties on me.

Amongst my best thoughts, Signior, in which number
You being worthily dispos'd already,
May freely place your friend.

Fred. Your grace honours me.

Petr. Why this is wond'rous happy: But now, bro-
Now comes the bitter to our sweet: *Constantia!* (ther,

Duke. Why, what of her?

Petr. Nor what, nor where do I know:
Wing'd with her fears, last night beyond my know-
She quit my house, but whither — (ledge,

Fred. Let not that —

Duke. No more, good Sir, I have heard too much.

Petr. Nay sink not.

She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not, gentlemen;
Be free again, the lady's found: that smile, Sir,
Shows you distrust your servant.

Duke. I do beseech you.

John. You shall believe me, by my soul she's safe.

Duke. Heaven knows I would believe, Sir.

Fred. You may safely.

John. And under noble usage: this modest gentle-
Speak, *Frederick.* — (man —

Fred. I met her in all her doubts last night, and to
(my guard
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person;
I waited on her to our lodging; where all respect,
Civil and honest service, now attend her.

Petr. You may believe now.

Duke. Yes I do, and strongly;
Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,
For you have both preserv'd me; when these virtues
Die in your friend's remembrance —

G

John.

THE CHANCES.

John. Good, your grace,
Lose no more time in compliments, 'tis too precious;
I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then, for this night I'll crown
With all the joys you wish for. (you

Petr. Happy gentlemen! [Exeunt.

Enter Francisco and a Man.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief! never fool was
so fobb'd off as I am, made ridiculous, and to my-
self, mine own ass; trust a woman! I'll trust the de-
vil first, for he dares be better than his word some-
times: Pray tell me, in what observance have I ever
fail'd her?

Man. Nay, you can tell that best yourself.

Fran. Let us consider.

Enter Frederick and Don John.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.

Fran. Where didst thou meet *Constantia*, and this
woman?

Fred. *Constantia*! What are these fellows? Stay by
all means. (They listen.

Man. Why, Sir, I met her in the great street that
comes from the market-place, just at a turning, by a
goldsmith's shop.

Fred. Stand still, *John*.

Fran. Well, *Constantia* has spun herself a fine thread,
now: What will her best friend think of this?

Fred. *John*, I smell some juggling, *John*.

John. Yes, *Frederick*, I fear it will be prov'd so.

Fran. But what should the reason be, dost think,
of this so sudden change in her?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Man. Why, truly, I suspect she has been entic'd to
it by a stranger.

John. Did you mark that, *Frederick*?

Fran. Stranger! who?

Man,

Man. A wild gentleman that's newly come to town.

Fred. Mark that too.

John. Yes, Sir.

Fran. Why do you think so?

Man. I heard her grave conductress twattle something as they went along, that makes me guess it.

John. 'Tis she, *Frederick.*

Fred. But who that he is, *John?*

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt 'em out, for they must certainly be about the town. Ha! no more words. Come, let's be gone. [*Francisco and Man, seeing Don*

Fred. Well.

John and Fred. they retire.

John. Very well.

Fred. Discreetly.

John. Finely carry'd.

Fred. You have no more of these tricks?

John. Ten to one, Sir,

I shall meet with 'em, if you have.

Fred. Is this fair?

John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double?
I am no ass, *Don Frederick.*

Fred. And, *Don John,*

It shall appear I am no fool: disgrace me
To make yourself thus ev'ry woman's courtesy?
'Tis boyish, 'tis base.

John. 'Tis false; I privy to this dog-trick!
Clear yourself, for I know where the wind sits;
Or as I have a life—

[*Trampling within.*]

Fred. No, more, they are coming; shew no discontent, let's quietly away: If she be at home, our jealousies are over; if not, you and I must have a farther parley, *John.*

John. Yes, *Don Frederick,* you may be sure we shall; but where are these fellows? Plague on 'em, we have lost them too in our spleens, like fools.

Enter Duke and Petruccio.

Duke. Come, gentlemen, let's go a little faster:
Suppose you have all mistresses, and mend
Your pace accordingly.

John.

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John. Sir, I should be as glad of a mistress as another man.

Fred. Yes, o' my conscience would'st thou, and of any other man's mistress too, that I'll answer for. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Antonio and his Man.

Ant. With all my gold?

Man. The trunk broken open, and all gone!

Ant. And the mother in the plot?

Man. And the mother and all.

Ant. And the devil and all, and all his imps go with 'em. Belike they thought I was no more of this world, and those trifles would but disturb my conscience.

Man. Sure they thought, Sir, you would not live to disturb 'em.

Ant. Well, my sweet mistress, I'll try how handsomely your ladyship can caper in the air! there's your master-piece. No imaginations where they should be.

Man. None, Sir; yet we have search'd all places we suspected; I believe they have taken towards the port.

Ant. Give me then a water-conjurer, one that can raise water-devils; I'll port 'em: play at duck and drake with my money! Get me a conjurer, I say, enquire out a man that lets out devils.

Man. I don't know where.

Ant. In every street, Tom fool; any blear-ey'd people with red heads and flat noses can perform it. Thou shalt know them by their half gowns, and no breeches. Find me out a conjurer, I say, and learn his price, how he will let his devils out by the day. I'll have 'em again if they be above ground. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, and John.

Petr. Your grace is welcome now to Naples; so you are all, gentlemen.

John.

John. Don *Frederick*, will you step in, and give the lady notice who comes to visit her?

Petr. Bid her make haste; we come to see no stranger—a night-gown will serve turn: Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you say, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Petr. Now will the sport be, to observe her alterations, how betwixt fear and joy she will behave herself.

Duke. Dear brother, I must entreat you—

Petr. I conceive your mind, Sir—I will not chide her, but like a summer's evening against heat—

Enter Frederick and Peter.

John. How now?

Fred. Not to abuse your patience longer, nor hold you off with tedious circumstances; for you must know—

John. What I knew before.

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is she?

Fred. Gone, Sir.

Duke. How!

Petr. What did you say, Sir?

Fred. Gone; by heaven remov'd. The woman of the house too.

Petr. What, that reverend old woman that tir'd me with compliments?

Fred. The very same.

John. Well, Don *Frederick*.

Fred. Don *John*, it is not well: But—

John. But what?

Petr. Gone!

Fred. This fellow can satisfy I lye not.

Petr. A little after my master was departed, Sir, with this gentleman, my fellow and myself being sent on business, as we must think on purpose—

John. Yes, yes, on purpose.

Petr.

Petr. Hang these circumstances, they always serve to usher in ill ends.

John. Gone! Now could I eat that rogue, I am so angry. Gone!

Petr. Gone!

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted? what would you have me say?

Duke. Well, gentlemen, wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your dukedom, Sir, I wou'd not be a knave.

John. He that is, a rot run in his blood.

Petr. But, hark'ee, gentlemen, are you sure you had her here? Did you not dream this?

John. Have you your nose, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you are so short, believe your having her shall suffer more construction.

John. Well, Sir, let it suffer. (*Turns off peevishly.*)

Fred. How to convince you, Sir, I can't imagine; but my life shall justify my innocence, or fall with it.

Duke. Thus then—for we may be all abus'd.

Petr. 'Tis possible.

Duke. Here let's part until to-morrow this time; we to our way to clear this doubt, and you to yours: pawning our honours then to meet again; when if she be not found—

Fred. We stand engag'd to answer any worthy way we are call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Petr. To-morrow certain.

John. If we outlive this night, Sir.

[*Exeunt Duke and Petruchio,*

Fred. Very well, Don *John*!

John. Very ill, Don *Frederick*!

Fred. We have somewhat now to do.

John. With all my heart, I love to be doing.

Fred.

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Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I am glad on't, I have not fought a great while.

Fred. I am glad you are so merry, Sir.

John. I am sorry you are so dull, Sir.

Fred. I hate trifling when my honour's at stake.

John. If you will stake your honour upon trifling things you must; for my part, I'll not look like a murderer in tapestry as you do—thus—for all the honour in Christendom.

Fred. Here let us part; and if the lady be Not forth-coming,

'Tis this, *Don John*, shall damp your levity!

(Clapping his hand upon his sword.

John. Or this shall tickle up your modesty! [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I. A TAVERN.

Enter 2 Constantia, and her Mother.

Moth. **H**OLD, *Cons*, hold, for goodness hold, I am in that desertion of spirit for want of breath, that I am almost reduced to the necessity of not being able to defend myself against the inconvenience of a fall.

2 Con. Dear mother, let us go a little faster to secure ourselves from *Antonio*: for my part I am in that terrible fright, that I can neither think, speak, nor stand still, till we are safe a ship-board, and out of sight of the shore.

Moth. Out of sight of the shore! why do you think I'll depatriate?

2 Con. Depatriate? what's that?

Moth. Why, you fool you, leave my country: what will you never learn to speak out of the vulgar road?

2 Con. O Lord! this hard word will undo us.

Moth. As I am a christian, if it were to save my honour

nour (which is ten thousand times dearer to me than life) I would not be guilty of so odious a thought.

2 *Con.* Pray, mother, since your honour is so dear to you, consider that if we are taken, both it and we are lost for ever.

Moth. Ay, girl; but what will the world say, if they should hear so odious a thing of us, as that we should *depatriate*?

2 *Con.* Ay there's it; the world! why, mother the world does not care a pin, if both you and I were hang'd; and that we shall be certainly, if *Antonio* takes us, for you have run away with his gold.

Moth. Did he not tell you, that he kept it in his trunk for us? and had I not a right to take it whenever I pleas'd: you have lost your reasoning faculty, *Cons.*

2 *Con.* Yes, mother, but you was to have it upon a certain condition, which condition I would sooner starve than agree to. I can't help my poverty, but I can keep my honour, and the richest old fellow in the kingdom shan't buy it: I'd sooner give it away than sell it, that's my spirit, mother.

Moth. But what will become of me, *Cons*? I have so indelible an idea of my dignity, that I must have the means to support it; those I have got, and I will ne'er depart from the demarches of a person of quality; and let come what will, I shall rather chuse to submit myself to my fate, than strive to prevent it by any deportment that is not congruous in every degree to the steps and measures of a strict practitioner of honour.

2 *Con.* Would not this make one stark mad? your stile is not more out of the way than your manner of reasoning; you first sell me to an ugly old fellow, then you run away with me, and all his gold; and now, like a strict practitioner of honour, resolve to be taken, rather than *depatriate*, as you call it.

Moth. As I am a christian, *Cons*, a tavern, and a very

very decent sign; I'll in, I am resolv'd, though by it I should run a risk of never so stupendous a nature!

2 *Con.* There's no stopping her: what shall I do?

(*aside.*)

Moth. I'll send for my kinswoman and some music, to revive me a little; for really, *Cons*, I am reduced to that sad imbecillity, by the injury I have done my poor feet, that I am in a great incertitude, whether they will have liveliness sufficient to support me up to the top of the stairs, or no. [*Exit mother.*]

2 *Con.* I have a great mind to leave this fantastical mother-in-law of mine, with her stolen goods, take to my heels and seek my fortune; but to whom shall I apply?—Generosity and humanity are not to be met with at every corner of the street.—If any young fellow wou'd but take a liking to me, and make an honest woman of me, I would make him the best wife in the world:—but what a fool am I to talk thus?—Young men think of young women now-a-days, as they do of their cloaths: it is genteel to have them, to be vain of 'em, to shew 'em to every body, and to change 'em often—when their novelty and fashion is over, they are turn'd out of doors to be purchas'd and worn by the first buyer.—A wife, indeed, is not so easily got rid of; it is a suit of mourning that lies neglected at the bottom of the chest, and only shews itself now and then upon melancholy occasions.—What a terrible prospect!—however, I do here swear and vow to live for ever chaste, till I find a young fellow who will take me for better and for worse.—Law! what a desperate oath have I taken!

Mother. (*looking out at the window.*) Come up, *Cons*, the fiddles are here—

[*Mother goes from the window.*]

2 *Con.* I come.

I must be gone, tho' whither I cannot tell; these fiddles, and her discreet companions will quickly make

H

an

an end of all she has stolen; and then for five hundred new pieces sells me to another old fellow, whom I will serve in the very same manner. She has taken care not to leave me a farthing, yet I am so, better than under her conduct, 'twill be at worst but begging for my life: and

Starving were to me an easier fate,
Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate.

[Goes up to her Mother.

S C E N E II.

Enter Don John.

John. It will not out of my head, but that Don *Frederick* has sent away this wench, for all he carries it so gravely: Yet, methinks, he should be honefter than so; but these grave men are never touch'd upon such occasions; mark it when you will, and you'll find a grave man, especially if he pretend to be a precise man, will do you forty things without remorse, that would startle one of us mad fellows but to think of. [*Musick above.*] What's here musick and women!—would I were among 'em—! [*Musick again, and a woman appears in the balcony.*]—that's a right one, I know it by her smile—O' my conscience, take a woman mask'd and hooded, nay cover'd all o'er, so that you can't see one bit of her, and at twelve score distance, if she be a leveret, as ten to one she is, if I don't hit her, say I am no marksman. I have an eye that never fails me—ah! rogue! she's right too, I'm sure on't, here's a brave parcel of 'em!

[*Musick still, and dancing.*

Moth. Come, come let's dance in t'other room, 'tis a great deal better.

John. Say you so? what, now, if I should go up and dance too? it is a tavern. Rot this business. Why shou'd a man be hunting upon a cold scent, when there is so much better sport near at hand?

I'll

I'll in, I am resolv'd, and try my own fortune; 'tis hard luck if I don't get one of 'em.

[As he goes to the door,

Enter 2 Constantia.

See here's one bolted already; fair lady, whither so fast?

2 Con. I don't know, Sir.

John. May I have the honour to wait upon you?

2 Con. Yes, if you please, Sir.

John. Whither?

2 Con. I tell you I don't know.

John. She's very quick. Would I might be so happy as to know you, lady.

2 Con. I dare not let you see my face, Sir.

John. Why?

2 Con. For fear you should not like it, and then leave me; for to tell you true, I have at this present very great need of you.

John. Hast thou?—Then I declare myself thy champion: and let me tell you, there is not a better knight-errant in all christendom, than I am, to succour distressed damsels.

2 Con. What a proper handsome spirited fellow this is! if he'd love me now as he ought, I would never seek out further. Sir, I am young, and unexperienced in the world.

John. If thou art young, it's no great matter what thy face is.

2 Con. Perhaps this freedom in me may seem strange; but, Sir, in short I'm forc'd to fly from one I hate:—Will you protect me?

John. Yes, that I will, before I see your face; your shape has charm'd me enough for that already.

2 Con. But if we should meet him, will you here promise me, he shall not take me from you?

John. If any one takes you from me, he shall take my life too; if I lose one, I wont keep t'other—they shall go together.

2 Con. For heaven's sake then conduct me to some place,

place, where I may be secur'd awhile from the sight of any one whatsoever.

John. By all the hopes I have to find thy face as lovely as thy shape, I will.

2 Con. Well, Sir, I believe you, for you have an honest look.

John. *An honest look!* Zounds, I am afraid Don Frederick has been giving her a character of me too.—Come pray unmask.

2 Con. Then turn away your face, for I'm resolv'd you shall not see a bit of mine, till I have set it in order, and then——

John. What then?

2 Con. I'll strike you dead.

John. A mettled wench, I warrant her! if she be but young now, and have but a nose on her face, she'll be as good as her word—Come, my dear, I'm e'en panting with impatience—Are you ready?——

(As he turns slowly round, she gets on the other side.)

—S'death, where is she?

2 Con. Here! stand your ground, if you dare!

John. By this light a rare creature! ten thousand time handsomer than her we seek for! this can be sure no common one: pray heav'n she be a kind one!

2 Con. Well, Sir, what say you now?

John. Nothing; I'm so amaz'd I am not able to speak. Prithee, my sweet creature, don't let us be talking in the street, but run home with me, that I may have a little private innocent conversation with you.

2 Con. No, Sir, no private dealing, I beseech you.

John. S'heart, what shall I do? I'm out of my wits. Hark'ee, my dear soul, canst thou love me?

2 Con. If I could, what then?

John. Why then should I be the happiest man alive!

(Kissing her hand.)

2 Con. Nay, good Sir, hold—remember the conditions.

John. Conditions! what conditions? I would not wrong

wrong thee for the universe!

2 *Con.* Then you'll promise.

John. What, what: I'll promise any thing, thou dear, sweet, bewitching, heavenly woman!

2 *Con.* Do make me an honest woman?

John. How the devil, my angel, can I do that, if you are *undone* to my hands?

2 *Con.* Ay but I am not—I am a poor innocent lamb, just escaped from the jaws of an old fox.

John. Art thou, my pretty lamb? Then I'll be thy shepherd, and fold thee in these arms. (*Kisses her hand.*)

2 *Con.* Ay, but you must not eat the lamb yourself.

John. I like you so well, I will do any thing for thee. This girl sure was made on purpose for me; she is just of my humour—my dear delightful incognitta! I love you so much, it is impossible to say how much I love thee! my heart, my mind, and my soul, are transported to such a degree, that—that—that—damn it, I can't talk—so let us run home, or the old fox, my lamb, will overtake us. (*They run out.*)

S C E N E III.

Enter Frederick and Francisco.

Fred. And art thou sure it was *Constantia*, say'st thou, that he was leading?

Fran. Am I sure I live, Sir? why, I dwelt in the house with her; how can I chuse but know her?

Fred. But didst thou see her face?

Fran. Lord, Sir, I saw her face as plainly as I see your's just now, not two streets off.

Fred. Yes, 'tis even so; I suspected it at first, but then he forswore it with that confidence—Well, Don *John*, if these be your practices, you shall have no more a friend of me, Sir, I assure you. Perhaps tho' he met her by chance, and intends to carry her to her brother, and the Duke.

Fran. A little time will shew—Gad-so here he is!

Fred. I'll step behind this shop, and observe him.

Enter

Enter Don John and 2 Constantia.

John. Here now go in; and let me see who will get you out again without my leave.

Fred. Dear Don *John.* (*Don John locks the door.*

John. Plague o' your kindness: how the devil comes he here just at this time?—Oh, how do you do, *Fredrick*?—Now will he ask me forty foolish questions, and I have such a mind to talk to this wench, that I cannot think of one excuse for my life.

Fred. Your servant, Sir: pray who's that you lock'd in just now at the door?

John. Why, a friend of mine that's gone up to read a book.

Fred. A book! that's a quaint one, i'faith: prithee, Don *John*, what library hast thou been buying this afternoon? for i' th' morning, to my knowledge, thou hadst never a book there, except it were an almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

John. No, no, it's a book of his own, he brought along with him: a scholar, that's given to reading.

Fred. And do scholars, Don *John*, wear petticoats now-a-days?

John. Plague on him, he has seen her—Well, Don *Frederick*, thou know'st I am not good at lying; 'tis a woman, I confess it, make your best on't: what then?

Fred. Why then, Don *John*, I desire you'll be pleas'd to let me see her.

John. Why faith, *Frederick*, I should not be against the thing, but you know that a man must keep his word, and she has a mind to be private.

Fred. But, *John*, you may remember when I met a lady so before, this very self-same lady too, that I got leave for you to see her, *John*.

John. Why, do you think then that this here is *Constantia*?

Fred. I cannot properly say I think it, *John*, because I know it; this fellow here saw her as you led her i' th' streets.

John. Well, and what then? who does he say it is?

Fred.

Fred. Ask him, Sir, and he'll tell you.

John. Hark'ee, friend, dost thou know this lady?

Fran. I think I should, Sir; I have liv'd long enough in the house with her to know her sure.

John. And how do they call her, prithee?

Fran. *Constantia!*

John. How! *Constantia.*

Fran. Yes, Sir, the woman's name is *Constantia*, that's flat.

John. Is it so, Sir? and so is this too. (*Strikes him.*

Fran. Oh, ho!

(*Runs out.*

John. Now, sirrah, you may safely say you have not bore false witness for nothing.

Fred. Fie, Don *John!* why do you beat the poor fellow for doing his duty, and telling truth?

John. Telling truth! thou talk'st as if thou hadst been hir'd to bear false witness too: You are a very fine gentleman.

Fred. What a strange confidence he has! but is there no shame in thee? nor no consideration of what is just or honest, to keep a woman thus against her will, that thou know'st is in love with another man too? dost think a judgment will not follow this?

John. Good dear *Frederick*, do keep thy sentences and thy sentiments, which are now out of fashion, for some better opportunity, this here is not a fit subject for 'em: I tell thee she is no more *Constantia* than thou art.

Fred. Why wont you let me see her then?

John. Because I can't: besides, she's not for thy taste.

Fred. How so?

John. Why, thy genius lies another way; thou art all for flames and darts, and those fine things! now I am for pure, plain, simple love, without any embroidery; I am not so curious, *Frederick*, as thou art.

Fred. Very well, Sir; but is there no shame, but is this worthy in you to delude—

John. But is there no shame! but is this worthy! what

a many *but*s are here? If I should tell thee now solemnly thou hast *but* one eye, and give thee reasons for it, wouldst thou believe me?

Fred. I think hardly, Sir, against my own knowledge.

John. Then why dost thou, with that grave face, go about to persuade me against mine? you should do as you would be done by, *Frederick*.

Fred. And so I will, Sir, in this very particular, since there's no other remedy; I shall do that for the duke and *Petruchio*, which I shou'd expect from them upon the like occasion: In short, to let you see I am as sensible of my honour, as you can be careless of your's; I must tell you, Sir, that I'm resolv'd to wait upon this lady to them.

John. Are you so, Sir? Why, I must then, sweet Sir, tell you again, I am resolv'd you sha'n't. Ne'er stare nor wonder! I have promis'd to preserve her from the sight of any one whatsoever, and with the hazard of my life will make it good: But that you may not think I mean an injury to *Petruchio*, or the duke, know, Don *Frederick*, that tho' I love a pretty girl perhaps a little better, I hate to do a thing that's base as much as you do. Once more upon my honour, this is not *Constantia*; let that satisfy you.

Fred. All that will not do—— [*Goes to the door.*]

John. No! why then this shall. [*Draws.*] Come not one step nearer, for if thou dost, by heaven I'm thro' you.

Fred. This is an insolence beyond the temper of a man to suffer.——Thus I throw off thy friendship, and since thy folly has provok'd my patience beyond its natural bounds, know it is not in thy power now to save thyself.

John. That's to be try'd, Sir, tho', by your favour——(*Looks up to the balcony.*)——Mistress what d'ye call 'em——prithee look out now a little, and see how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, Sir, are you ready?

John. O lord, Sir, your servant.

[*Fight.*]

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter Duke and Petruchio.

Petr. What's here, fighting? let's part 'em. How, Don *Frederick* against Don *John*? How came you to fall out, gentlemen? What's the cause?

Fred. Why, Sir, it is your quarrel, and not mine, that drew this on me: I saw him lock *Constantia* up into that house, and I desir'd to wait upon her to you; that's the cause.

Duke. O, it may be he design'd to lay the obligation upon us himself—Sir, we are beholden to you for this favour beyond all possibility of—[*approaching John*;

John. Pray, your grace, keep back, and don't throw away your thanks before you know whether I have deserv'd 'em or no. O, is that your design? Sir, you must not go in there. [*Petruchio's going to the door.*

Petr. How, Sir, not go in?

John. No, Sir, most certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my sister, and I will speak to her.

John. If she were your mother, Sir, you shou'd not, tho' it were but to ask her blessing.

Petr. Since you are so positive, I'll try.

John. You shall find me a man of my word, Sir.
[*Fight.*

Duke. Nay, pray gentlemen hold, let me compose this matter. Why do you make a scruple of letting us see *Constantia*?

John. Why, Sir, 'twou'd turn a man's head round to hear these fellows talk so; there is not one word true of all that he has said.

Duke. Then you do not know where *Constantia* is?

John. Not I, by heavens!

Fred. O monstrous impudence! upon my life, Sir, I saw him force her into that house, lock her up, and the key is now in his pocket.

John. Now that is two lyes; for first he did not see
I her,

her, and next, all force is unnecessary, she is so very willing.

Duke. But look'ee, Sir, this doubt may easily be cleared; let either *Petruchio* or I but see her, and if she be not *Constantia*, we engage our honours (tho' we shou'd know her) never to discover who she is.

John. Ay, but there's the point now that I can ne'er consent to.

Duke. Why?

John. Because I gave her my word to the contrary.

Petr. Pish, I won't be kept off thus any longer: Sir, either let me enter or I'll force my way.

Fred. No, pray Sir, let that be my office; I will be revenged on him for having betray'd me to his friendship.

[*Petruchio and Frederick offer to fight with John.*]

Duke. Nay, you shall not offer him foul play neither. Hold, brother, pray a word; and with you too, Sir.

(*They walk aside.*)

John. I would they would make an end of this business, that I might be with her again. Heark'ee, gentlemen, I'll make ye a fair proposition, leave off this ceremony among yourselves, and those dismal threats against me; philip up cross or pile who shall begin first, and I'll do the best I can to entertain you all one after another.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Now do my fingers itch to be about somebody's ears for the loss of my gold.—Ha! what's here to do, swords drawn? I must make one, tho' it cost me the singing of ten *John Dories* more. Courage, brave boy! I'll stand by you as long as this tool here lasts; and it was once a good one.

Petr. Who's this? *Antonio!* O, Sir, you are welcome, you shall be e'en judge between us.

Ant. No, no, no, not I, Sir, I thank you; I'll make work for others to judge of, I'm resolv'd to fight.

Petr. But we won't fight with you.

Ant.

Ant. Then put up your swords, or by this hand I'll lay about me.

John. Well said, old *Bilboa*, i'faith.

(They put up their swords.)

Petr. Pray hear us tho' : this gentleman saw him lock up my sister into this house, and he refuses to let us see her.

Ant. How, friend, is this true? *(Going to him.)*

John. Not so hasty, I beseech you. Look'ee, gentlemen, to shew you that are all mistaken, and that my formal friend there is an ass——

Fred. I thank you, Sir.

John. I'll give you my consent that this gentleman here shall see her, if his information can satisfy you.

Duke. Yes, yes; he knows her very well.

John. Then, Sir, go in here, if you please; I dare trust him with her, for he is too old to do any mischief.

[Antonio goes in.]

Fred. I wonder how my gentleman will get off from all this.

John. I shall be even with you, Don *Frederick*, another time, for all your grinning.

Enter Peter.

How now? where is he?

Pet. He's run out of the back door, Sir.

John. How so?

Pet. Why, Sir, he's run after the gentlewoman you brought in.

John. 'Sdeath, how durst you let her out?

Pet. Why, Sir, I knew nothing.

John. No, thou ignorant rascal, and therefore I'll beat something into thee.—*(beats him.)*—Run after her, you dog, and bring her back, or—*[Peter runs off.]*

Fred. What, you won't kill him?

John. Nay, come not near me, for if thou dost, by heavens, I'll give thee as much; and wou'd do so however, but that I won't lose time from looking after my dear sweet——a plague confound you all.

[Goes in, and shuts the door after him.]

Duke. What, he has shut the door!

Fred. It's no matter, I'll lead you to a private back-way, by that corner, where we shall meet him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I. A STREET.

Enter 1 *Constantia.*

1 *Con.* **O**H whither shall I run to hide myself! The constables has seized the landlady, and I'm afraid the poor child too. How to return to Don *Fredrick's* house, I know not; and if I knew, I durst not, after those things the landlady has told me of him. You powers above, look down and help me! I am faulty I confess, but greater faults have often met with lighter punishments.

Enter Don John.

John. I'm almost dead with running, and will be so quite, but I'll overtake her.

1 *Con.* Hold, *Don John*, hold!

John. Who's that? Ha! is it you, my dear?

1 *Con.* For heaven's sake, Sir, carry me from hence, or I'm utterly undone.

John. Phoo, plague, this is th' other: Now cou'd I almost beat her, for but making me the proposition. Madam, there are some a coming, that will do it a great deal better; but I'm in such haste, that I vow to God, madam——

1 *Con.* Nay, pray, Sir, stay, you are concern'd in this as well as I; for your woman is taken.

John. Ha! my woman?

[*Goes back to her.*]

I vow to Gad, madam, I do so highly honour your ladyship, that I wou'd venture my life a thousand time to do you service. But pray where is she?

1 *Con.* Why, Sir, she is taken by the constable.

John.

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John. Constable! which way went he?

I Con. I cannot tell, for I run out into the streets just as he had seiz'd upon your landlady.

John. Plague o' my landlady! I mean th'other woman.

I Con. Other woman, Sir! I've seen no other woman, never since I left your house!

John. 'Sheart, what have I been doing here then all this while? Madam, your most humble—

I Con. Good Sir, be not so cruel, as to leave me in this distress.

John. No, no, no; I'm only going a little way, and will be back again presently.

I Con. But pray, Sir, hear me, I'm in that danger——

John. No, no, no; I vow to Gad, madam, no danger i' th' world. Let me alone, I warrant you.

[Hurries off.]

I Con. He's gone, and I a lost, wretched, miserable creature, for ever!

Enter Antonio.

Ant. O, there she is.

I Con. Who's this, *Antonio*! the fiercest enemy I have.

[Runs away.]

Ant. Are you so nimble-footed, gentlewoman?

A plague confound all whores!

[Exit.]

SCENE II. A STREET.

Enter Mother to the 2 Constantia, and Kinswoman.

Kinsf. But, madam, be not so angry, perhaps she'll come again.

Moth. O kinswoman, never speak of her more; for she's an odious creature to leave me thus in the lurch. I that have given her all her breeding, and instructed her with my own principles of education.

Kinsf. I protest, madam, I think she's a person that knows as much of all that as——

Moth. Knews, kinswoman! There's ne'er a female

male in *Italy*, of thrice her years, knows so much the proceedings of a true gallantry; and the infallible principles of an honourable friendship, as she does.

Kinf. And therefore, madam, you ought to love her.

Moth. No, fie upon her, nothing at all, as I'm a christian. When once a person fails in fundamentals, she's at a period with me. Besides, with all her wit, *Constantia* is but a fool, and calls all the *minauderies* of a *bonne mine*, affectation.

Kinf. Indeed, I must confess, she's given a little too much to the careless way.

Moth. Ay, there you have hit it, kinswoman; the careless way has quite undone her. Will you believe me, kinswoman? as I am a christian, I never cou'd make her do this—nor carry her body thus—but just when my eye was upon her; as soon as ever my back was turned, whip her elbows were quite out again: Wou'd not you stare now at this?

Kinf. Bleis me, sweet goodness! But pray, madam, how came *Constantia* to fall out with your ladyship? Did she take any thing ill of you?

Moth. As I'm a christian I can't resolve you, unless it were that I led the dance first; but for that she must excuse me; I know she dances well, but there are others who perhaps understands the right swim of it, as well as she—

Enter Don Frederick.

And tho' I love *Constantia*——

Fred. How's this? *Constantia*!

Moth. I know no reason why I shou'd be debarr'd the privilege of shewing my own *Geno* too sometimes.

Fred. If I am not mistaken, that other woman is the Don *John* and I were directed to, when we came first to town, to bring us acquainted with *Constantia*. I'll try to get some intelligence from her. Pray, lady, have I never seen you before?

Kinf. Yes, Sir, I think you have, with another stranger,

stranger, a friend of yours; one day as I was coming out of the church.

Fred. I'm right then. And pray who were you talking of?

Moth. Why, Sir, of an inconsiderate inconsiderable person, that has at once both forfeited the honour of my concern, and the concern of her own honour.

Fred. Very fine indeed! And is all this intended for the beautiful *Constantia*?

Moth. O fie upon her, Sir, an odious creature, as I'm a christian, no beauty at all.

Fred. Why, does not your ladyship think her handsome?

Moth. Seriously, Sir, I don't think she's ugly; but as I'm a christian, my position is, that no true beauty can be lodg'd in that creature, who is not in some measure buoy'd up with a just sense of what is incumbent to the devoir of a person of quality.

Fred. That position, madam, is a little severe: but however she has been *incumbent* formerly, as your ladyship ts pleas'd to say; now that she's marry'd, and her husband owns the child, she is sufficiently justify'd for what she has done.

Moth. Sir, I must, blushingly, beg leave to say you are in an error. I know there has been the passion of love between 'em, but with a temperament so innocent and so refin'd, as it did impose a negative upon the very possibility of her being with child. No, Sir, I assure you, my daughter *Constantia* has never had a child: A child! ha, ha, ha! O goodness save us, a child!

Fred. Well, madam, I shall not dispute this with you any further; but give me leave to wait upon your daughter; for her friend, I assure you, is in great impatience to see her.

Moth. Friend, Sir! I know none she has. I'm sure she loaths the very sight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Moth.

Moth. Why, of *Antonio*, Sir, he that you were pleas'd to say—— ha, ha, ha!

Fred. Still worse and worse. 'Slife! cannot she be content with not letting me understand her; but must also resolve obstinately not to understand me, because I speak plain? Why, madam, I cannot express myself your way, therefore be not offended at me for it. I tell you I do not know *Antonio*, nor never nam'd him to you? I told you that the duke has own'd *Constantia* for his wife, and that her brother and he are friends, and are now both in search after her.

Moth. Then as I'm a christian, I suspect we have both been equally involv'd in the misfortune of a mistake. Sir, I am in the dernier confusion to avow, that tho' my daughter *Constantia* has been liable to several address'es; yet she never had the honour to be produc'd to his grace.

Fred. So, now the thing is out. This is a damn'd bawd, and I as damn'd a rogue for what I did to Don *John*; for o' my conscience, this is that *Constantia* the fellow told me of. I'll make him amends, whate'er it cost me. Lady, you must give me leave not to part with you, till you meet with your daughter, for some reasons I shall tell you hereafter.

Moth. Sir, I am so highly your *obligée* for the manner of your enquiries, and you have grounded your determinations upon so just a basis, that I shall not be asham'd to own myself a votary to all your commands. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A STREET.

Enter 2 Constantia:

2 Con. So! thanks to my youth and my heels, I am once more free from *Antonio*—what an escape! and yet, what a misfortune! I have no great reason to rejoice—for tho' I have got clear from the old fellow, I have lost the young one too.—I did not wish to out-run 'em both—but whither to go now? that's the

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the question.—I wish my spirited young *Spaniard* was here to answer it—but that this wild spark, whom I lik'd so well, and who swore he lik'd me, should send that old piece of mischief to distress me, and drive me out of the house, puzzles me exceedingly! I wish I cou'd see him once more to explain this matter to me.—May I never be married if he is not coming this way!—Shou'd he prove false, my poor heart will have a terrible time of it—now for the proof——
(*Walks aside.*)

Enter Don John, holding Peter.

John. Did you run after her, as I ordered you, sirrah?

Pet. Like any greyhound, Sir.

John. And have you found her, rascal?

Pet. Not quite, Sir.

John. Not quite, Sir!—You are drunk, fellow!

Pet. A little, Sir—I run the better for it.

John. Have you seen her? speak quickly, or speak no more.—
(*Shaking him.*)

Pet. Yes, yes, I have seen her.—

John. Where! where!

Pet. There! there!

John. Where's there, sirrah?

Pet. There where I saw her—in the street!

John. Did you overtake her? [down.

Pet. I was overtaken myself, Sir, and—hic—fell

John. Then she is gone! irrecoverably gone! and I shall run distracted. [2 *Constantia taps him on the shoulder, he turns, and they gaze at each other.*

John. Heigho!

Pet. Never was so near death in all my life! [*Exit Pet.*

John. O my dear soul, take pity o' me, and give me comfort; for I'm e'en dead for want of thee.

2 *Con.* O you're a fine gentleman indeed, to shut me up in your house, and send another man to me.

John. Pray hear me.

2 *Con.* No I will never hear you more after such

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an injury; what wou'd you have done, if I had been kind to you, that you cou'd use me thus before?

John. By my troth, that's shrewdly urg'd.

2 Con. Besides, you basely broke your word.

John. But will you hear nothing? nor did you hear nothing? I had three men upon me at once, and had I not consented to let that old fellow up, who came to my rescue, they had all broken in whether I wou'd or no.

2 Con. It may be so, for I remember I heard a noise; but suppose it was not so, what then? why then I'll love him however. Heark'ee, Sir, I ought now to use you very scurvily. But I can't find in my heart to do so.

John. Then Heaven's blessing on thy heart for it.

2 Con. But a——

John. What?

2 Con. I wou'd fain know——

John. What, what? I'll tell thee any thing, every thing.

2 Con. I wou'd fain know whether you can be kind to me.

John. Look in your glass, my charmer, and answer for me.

2 Con. You think me very vain.

John. I think you devilish handsome.

2 Con. I shall find you a rogue at last.

John. Then you shall hang me for a fool; take your garters, and do it now if you will. (*sighing.*)

2 Con. You are no fool.

John. O yes, a loving fool.

2 Con. Will you love me for ever?

John. I'll be bound to you for ever—you can't desire better security.

2 Con. I have better security.

John. What's that, my angel?

2 Con. The tenderest affection for you now, and the kindest behaviour to you, for evermore.

John.

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John. And I, upon my knees, will swear, that, that—what shall I swear?

2 Con. Nay use what words you please, so they be but hearty.

John. I swear then by thy fair self, that looks so like a deity, and art the only thing I now can think of, that I'll adore you to my dying day.

2 Con. And here I vow, the minute thou dost leave me, I'll leave the world—that's kill myself.

John. O my dear heavenly creature! we'll live and die together—and there's an end of both of us.—But who is this my old new friend has got there?

Enter 1 Constantia, and Antonio who seizes her.

Ant. O have I caught you, gentlewoman, at last! —Come give me my gold.

1 Con. I hope he takes me for another; I won't answer, for I had rather he shou'd take me for any one, than who I am.

John. Pray, Sir, who is that you have there by the hand?

Ant. A person of honour—that has broke open my trunks, and run away with all my gold; yet I'll hold ten pounds I'll have it whipp'd out of her again.

2 Con. Done, I'll hold you ten pounds of that now!

Ant. Ha! by my troth you have reason, and lady, I ask your pardon; but I'll have it whipp'd out of you then, gossip. *(Going to her.)*

John. Hold, Sir, you must not meddle with my goods. *(Stopping her.)*

Ant. Your goods? how came she to be yours? I'm sure I bought her of her mother for five hundred good pieces in gold.

John. Ay, Sir, but that bargain won't hold good in our court; besides, Sir, as I told you before, she's mine, Don.

Ant. Yours, Sir! by what right?

John.

John. The right of possession, Sir, the law of love, and consent of the parties.

Ant. And is this so, young lady?

2 Con. Yes, young gentleman, it is.---You purchase me!---And cou'd you imagine, you old fool you, that I wou'd take up with you, while there was a young fellow to be had for love or money.---Purchase yourself a little wit, and a great deal of flannel against the cold weather, or, on my word, you'll make a melancholy figure. Ha, ha, ha!

John. He does make a melancholy figure, ha! ha! You had better let her alone, Don; why, she's too hard for me—

Ant. Indeed I think so---But, pray Sir, by your leave, I hope you will allow me the speech of one word with your goods here, as you call her; 'tis but a small request.

John. Ay, Sir, with all my heart—how, *Constantia*!—Madam, now you have seen that lady, I hope you will pardon the haste you met me in a little while ago, if I committed a fault, you must thank her for it.

1 Con. Sir, if you will, for her sake, be persuaded to protect me from the violence of my brother, I shall have reason to thank you both.

John. Nay, madam, now that I'm in my wits again, and my heart's at ease, it shall go very hard, but I will see yours so too; I was before distracted, and 'tis not strange that the love of her shou'd hinder me from rememb'ring what was due to you, since it made me forget myself.

1 Con. Sir, I do know too well the power of love, by my own experience, not to pardon all the effects of it in another.

Ant. Well, then I'll promise you, if you will but help me to recover my gold again, that I'll never trouble you more.

2 Con.

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2 *Con.* A match; and 'tis the best that you and I could ever make.

John. Pray, madam, fear nothing; by my love I'll stand by you, and see that your brother shall do you no harm.

2 *Con.* Hark'ee, Sir, a word: how dare you talk of love to any lady but me, Sir!

John. By my troth that was a fault, but I meant it only civilly.

2 *Con.* Ay, but if you are so very civil a gentleman, we shall not be long friends: I scorn to share your love with any one whatsoever, and for my part, I'm resolv'd either to have all or none.

John. Well, well, my dear little covetous rogue, thou shalt have it all—thus I sign and seal (*kisses her hand*) and transfer all my stock of love to thee—'tis plac'd in a sure fund, where the principal and interest shall never be diminish'd—and you shall enjoy both without the smallest breach of faith on either side.

2 *Con.* I accept it in the warmest spirit of love and gratitude.

Enter Frederick and Mother.

Fred. Come now, madam, let us not speak one word more, but go quietly about our business; not but that I think it the greatest pleasure in the world to hear you talk, but—

Moth. Do you indeed, Sir! I swear then good wits jump, Sir; for I have thought so myself a very great while.

Fred. You've all the reason imaginable. O Don *John*, I ask thy pardon! but I hope I shall make thee amends, for I have found out the mother, and she has promis'd me to help thee to thy mistress again.

John. Sir, you may save your labour, the business is done, and I am fully satisfy'd.

Fred. And dost thou know who she is?

John:

John. No faith, I never ask'd her name.

Fred. Why then I'll make thee yet more satisfy'd; this lady here is that very *Constantia*—

John. Ha! thou hast not a mind to be knock'd o'er the pate too, hast thou?

Fred. No, Sir, nor dare you do it neither; but for certain this is that very self-same *Constantia* that thou and I so long look'd after.

John. I thought she was something more than ordinary; but shall I tell thee now a stranger thing than all this?

Fred. What's that?

John. Why I will never more think of any other woman for her sake.

Fred. That indeed is strange, but you are much altered, *John*; it was but this morning that women were such hypocrites, that you would not trust a single mother's daughter of 'em.

John. Ay, but when things are at the-worst, they'll mend—example does every thing, *Frederick*, and the fair sex will certainly grow better, whenever the greatest is the best woman in the kingdom—that's what I trust too.

Fred. Well parry'd, *John*.

John. See here, *Frederick*! the lost jewel is found.

(*Shewing* *Constantia*.)

2 Con. Come, mother, deliver your purse; I have deliver'd myself up to this young fellow, and the bargain's made with that old fellow, so he may have his gold again, that all shall be well.

Moth. As I am a christian, Sir, I took it away only to have the honour of restoring it again; for my hard fate having not bestow'd upon me a fund which might capacitate me to make you presents of my own, I had no way left for the exercise of my generosity but by putting myself into a condition of giving back what was your's.

ship

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Ant. A very generous design indeed! So now I'll e'en turn a sober person, and leave off this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

Fred. Madam, I'm heartily glad to meet your ladyship here; we have been in a very great disorder since we saw you.

John. What's here? our landlady and the child again!

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Landlady with the child.

Petr. Yes, we met her going to be whipp'd, in a drunken constable's hands that took her for another.

John. Why then, pray let her e'en be taken and whipp'd for herself, for on my word she deserves it.

Land. Yes, I'm sure of your good word at any time.

I Con. Hearn'ee, dear landlady.

Land. O sweet goodness! is it you? I have been in such a peck of troubles since I saw you; they took me, and they tumbled me, and they haul'd me, and they pull'd me, and they call'd me painted Jezebel, and the poor little babe here did so take on. Come hither, my lord, come hither: here is *Constantia*.

I Con. For heav'n's fake peace; yonder's my brother, and if he discovers me, I'm certainly ruin'd!

Duke. No, madam, there is no danger.

I Con. Were there a thousand dangers in those arms, I wou'd run thus to meet them.

Duke. O my dear! it were not safe that any shou'd be here at present; for now my heart is so o'erpress'd with joy, that I shou'd scarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Sister, I'm so asham'd of all my faults, which my mistake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to ask your pardon for them.

I Con. No, brother, the fault was mine, in mistaking

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ing you so much, as not to impart the whole truth to you at first; but having begun my love without your consent, I never durst acquaint you with the progress of it.

Duke. Come, let the consummation of our present joys blot out the memory of all these past mistakes.

John. And when shall we consummate our joys?

2 Con. ————— Never:
We'll find out ways shall make 'em last for ever.

John. A match, my girl—Come, let us all away,
And celebrate The CHANCES of this day;
My former vanities are past and gone,
And now I fix to happiness and one;
Change the wild wanton, for the sober plan,
And like my friend—become a *Modest* man.

F I N I S